

Sale to Minors Forbidden

SIX DOLLARS

LEATHER



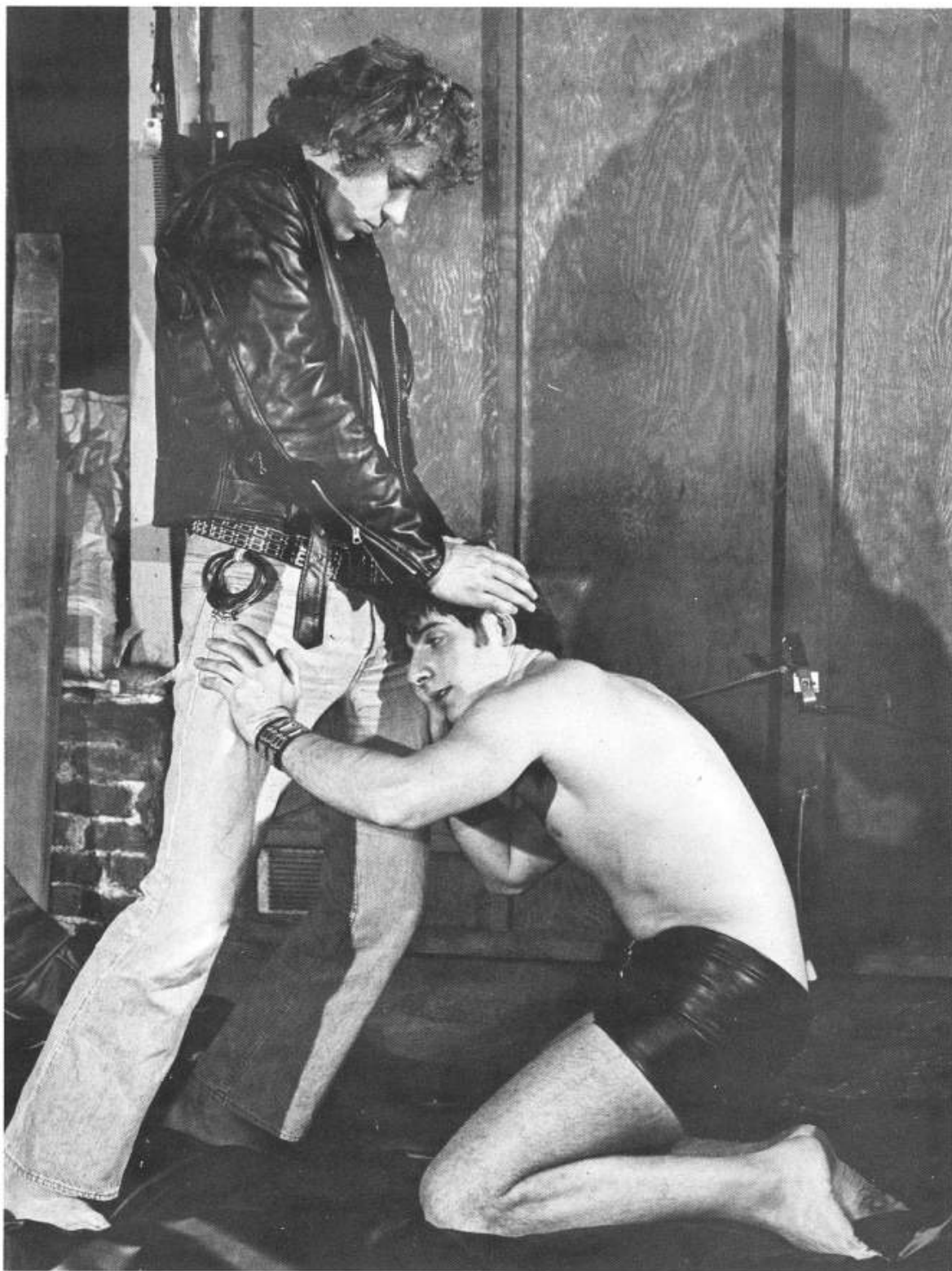
TODAY'S LEATHERMEN AT PLAY

A Pictorial Fictional Magazine for Adults Only



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feel of it against the skin is a turn-on like no other clothes provide. It seems to bring every cell of your skin to life, where most clothes really deaden our perceptions."

David was astonished at the lucidity of all this, but was not at first convinced. He did buy a handsome black leather jacket, but it was awhile before it occurred to him to wear it directly next to his skin. The effect was electrifying.

And as he grew to like Jim Jon and Tom, and

their biker friends, he discovered that they didn't begin to fit his stereotypes.

"I don't usually try for converts," Jim Jon said one day, "but I really feel that underneath your pre-conceived notions, and fears, you're really one of us. You're a sensualist, not just a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am prick pusher. Let me get you an outfit, then come over Friday night for a session with Tom and me. Then if you enjoy it, we can rope in maybe Pit and Carl. And no rough stuff — really."



What Jim Jon said about fantasies struck home. David had permitted himself to erotically imagine many things he had never permitted himself to do. He decided to give it a try, but making heavy reservations.

With Jim Jon's help, he selected a super-snug outfit: vest, shorts, studded open-front G-string, cap, gloves, toots and leggings. He jokingly conceded that if all went well, he'd buy a Harley next week.

"By all means," Tom quipped. "You should have

one, even if you never learn to ride."

When he arrived as appointed at the garage of Jim Jon's and Tom's apartment, they were astonished at how the outfit altered David's appearance, but David got rather annoyed when Tom said it made him look older, and Jim Jon said it made him look masculine.

Put off, David announced, "I'll be an observer first. Unless you object. I'll watch you two get the feel of it."



"OK," Tom said, "one hour, then either you come in or get out."

A black plastic tarp was spread on the floor, over a small water mattress. Tom and Jim Jon, the latter clad in leather shorts and wristband, went into a slow, dancelike wrestling, Tom forcing Jim Jon's head down to his crotch, Jim Jon resisting wildly until his nose and mouth were pressed close, then at Tom's order, biting at the cloth, tearing open Tom's fly with his teeth.

Jim Jon drew back in mock horror as Tom's darkish prick popped out, and again, with much straining, Tom forced his lover's head down on it,

twisting Jim Jon's neck until he surrendered. Submissively, he mouthed the offered meat, clinging to Tom's heavily studded belt as if he expected to be beaten with it. After Tom's pants were stripped down by his "slave," and his cum swallowed, Tom lay back, zipped down Jim Jon's shorts and pulled out a fine chain attached around the base of Jim Jon's cock and balls, jerking them toward his own mouth until the "slave" came. David almost did too, against his clinging leather pants.

Tom clipped the ring around his own privates, and after a brief 69, jerked the chain about sharply, (continued on page 15)













then browned Jim Jon.

David was now very much in the spirit. When Tom got a call to come to the bar he owned, Jim Jon quickly slipped into a heavier leather costume, and David, needing no further instructions, moved in for the rape, seizing Jim Jon from behind, arm lock under chin, gloved hand to soft leather crotch.

Jim Jon squawled in mock terror, and David was astonished at how much the game turned him on. They swayed around, David's hand pressing through at Jim Jon's hard cock, and David's own prick straining against the strangely exciting leather.

Jerking by the crotch, David threw Jim Jon off balance, tore down the zipper, feeling Jim Jon's hand trying desperately for a hold between David's

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jacket and the back of his shorts. Elbowing Jim Jon's face and shoulders down behind him, David went down roughly on the boy's cock and balls, worrying the loose meat like a bulldog would.

When Jim Jon got the zipper down on David's shorts, David dumped him to the mat, placing his booted foot in Jim Jon's half bare gut, the toes pressing the balls.

Jim Jon's terror was not entirely pretense. David was an unknown quantity: those who flirt with S-M the first time are most likely to get carried away, and Jim Jon's balls had been nearly crushed and his penis badly scarred from just this position a year ago. Through the memory excited him, he didn't want a repetition.

But his screams, "Don't stomp me! Please don't stomp me!" seemed to David an invitation, and more to please than out of his own urgings, David ground down hard. The husky, handsome youngster's helplessness and groveling sent the blood rushing to David's head, and his heel was much rougher on Jim Jon's meat than he would ever permit himself to be again, and stirred by the show of genuine pain and terror in the form below him, he kicked twice against Jim Jon's chin, enough to leave a dark, small bruise.

Jim Jon seemed to be crying. David stopped suddenly, overcome with remorse. "I'm sorry. I
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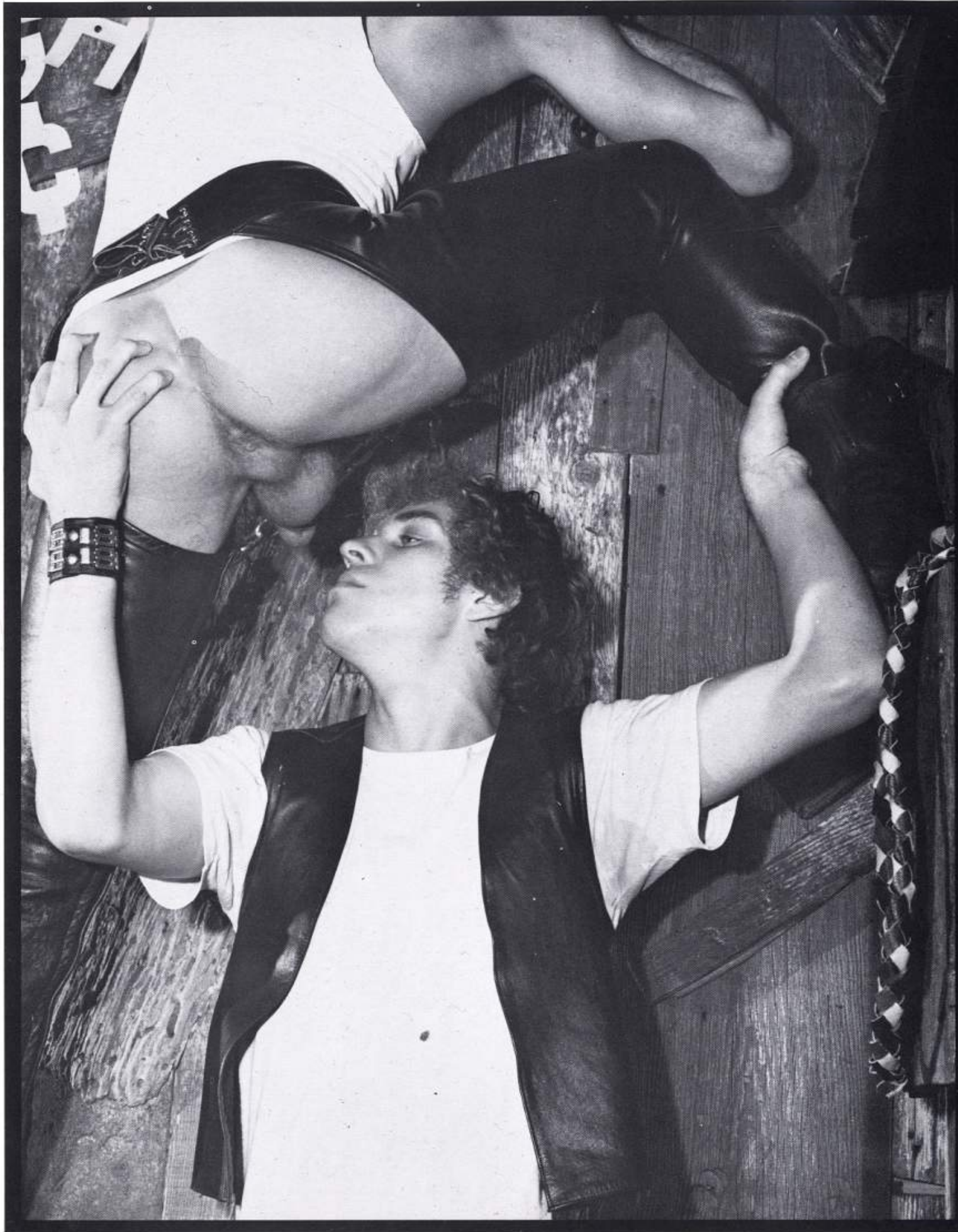
didn't mean to do that. Should we stop?"

"No," Jim Jon said, his voice quivering. "That was too much, but I don't know how to explain it: I hate it and I like it at the same time. But I think I'd like it better if we stick to pretending. I might not be able to sit down for a week."

Then his eyes invited another attack. Dropping down quickly, David jammed his cock into Jim Jon's mouth, grabbed the top of the youth's pants, stripping them from his butt, looked at the riding crop standing against the wall, considered giving Jim Jon a stinging paddling with it, to test how much controlled pain both he and his captive-host could enjoy.

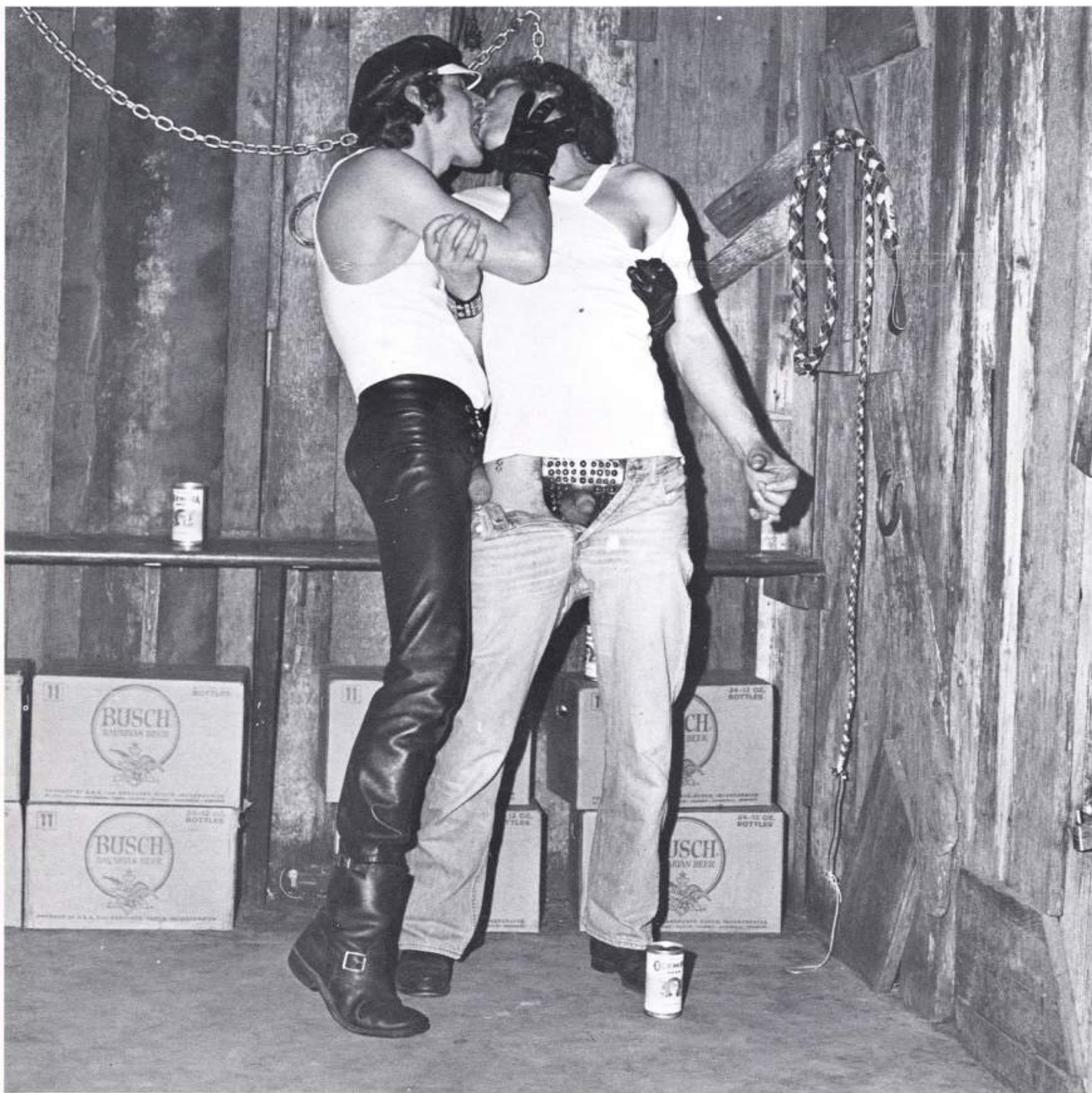
"Suck me, slave," he ordered, giving Jim Jon's
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butt a few stinging slaps with his glove, noting that that butt had the markings of one well-used. In a flurry of passion he thrust four fingers of his gloved hand into the startled boy's hole. His captive, thrashing about, was at that moment gagging on David's cum.

David locked his knees against Jim Jon's head, withdrew the gloved fingers, discarded the glove and thrust his entire hand back in, almost to the wrist, working the fingers around inside, as Jim Jon pro-

tested wildly.

Then David left teeth marks near Jim Jon's darkened rectum.

He let the lad fall delirious to the mat, and changed his shorts for the studded G-string, then guided his heavy cock to Jim Jon's rectum, pounding it in furiously, watching a reddened imprint of the metal studs form on Jim Jon's rump.

After coming, he embraced his "slave" tenderly. "Frankly, how does all this really feel to you?"

"The whole experience is great, and so are you, even if some parts of it were painful as hell. What about you?"

"There's something to be said for it," David chuckled.

"I thought you were getting into the spirit."

"But what if I'd got carried away — I don't think there's any danger of it anymore — and really hurt you?"

"That risk is part of the fun. When you ski, you

might get a broken leg, and even if you don't want to, it's like a medal of honor."

"But if things REALLY go too far, and you broke your neck?"

"It would honestly make me very unhappy, David, if you broke my neck."

"You're a nut!" David said, "but I like you."

His knee poked into Jim Jon's ribcage, and David began to come.

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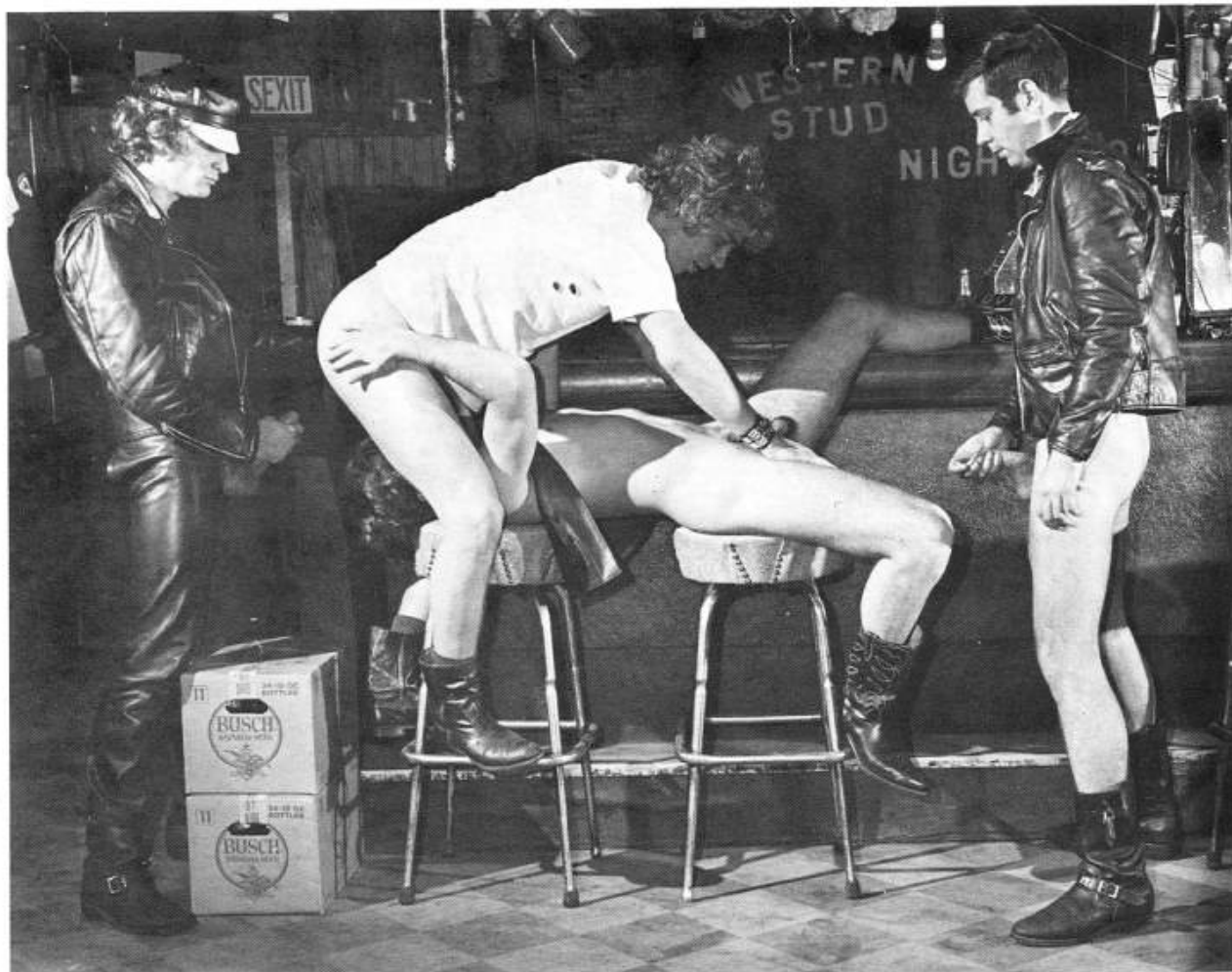
















At that point, Jim Jon rolled suddenly, and David found himself pinned on his back.

"Hey! That hurts!"

"Of course," Jim Jon laughed. "Slave revolts are part of the game. You have to watch every move if you want to stay on top." He shoved his darkly beautiful cock into David's mouth, and David writhed away, then took it hungrily.

A few minutes later he was getting it in the tail, and discovered that in the driver's seat, Jim Jon was exceedingly gentle, only pretending to inflict pain.

Then Tom returned and climbed on behind Jim Jon and the weight on David's compressed midsection became almost unbearable.

After a rest and a couple beers, Tom invited David down to his bar, rugged wooden walls covered with symbols of torment. Tom taught David some other games, more acrobatic than S-M, but the hot-eyed blond really knew how to turn David on. He

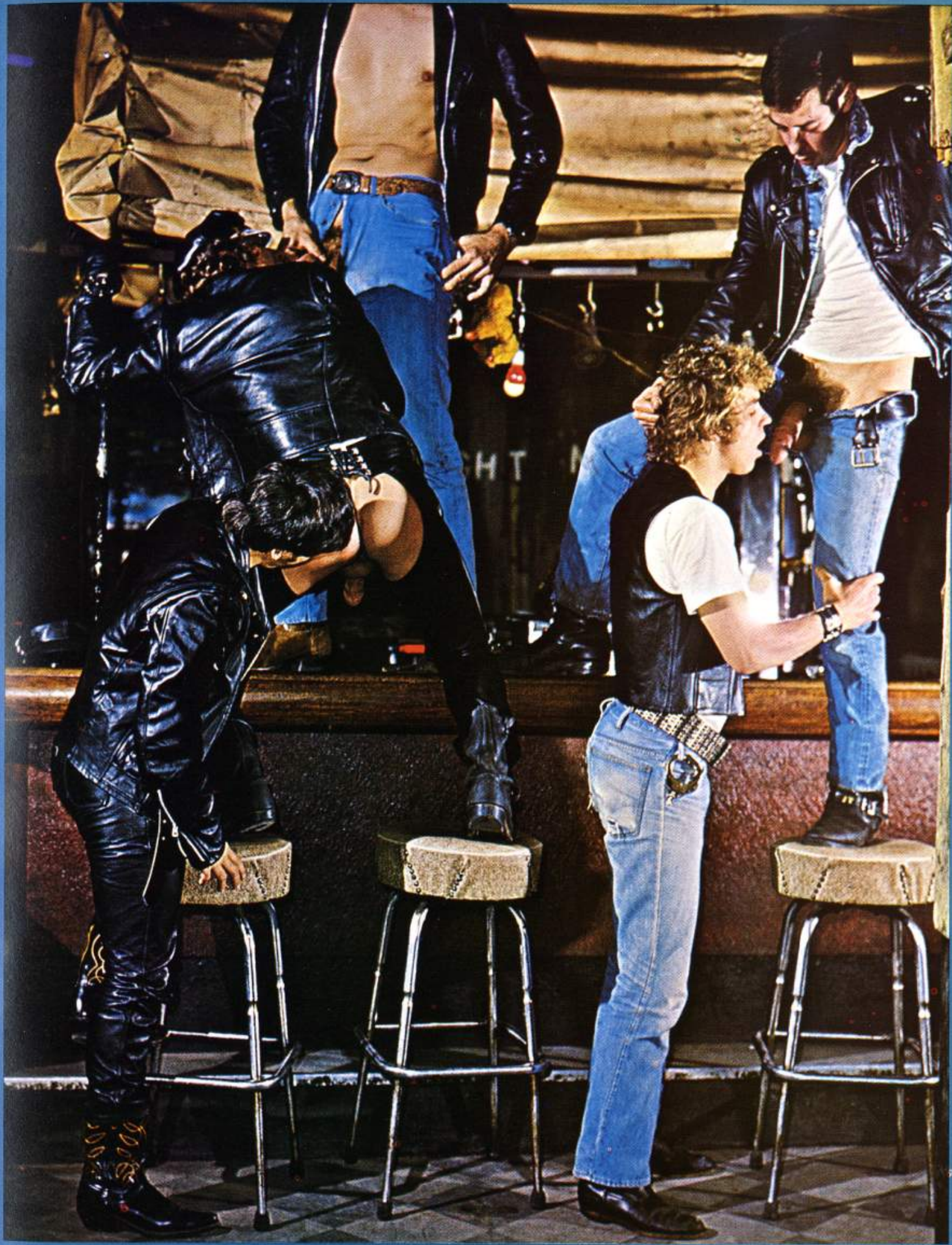
taught David that the thrills are easily in reach without getting at all rough about it, though David sensed that, even more than with Jim Jon, Tom might really enjoy a bit of a mauling.

But the only damage David inflicted was to Tom's T-shirt, and that got David a quick squirt of cum in his face.

A little later, Jim Jon showed up with Pit, the bartender, who looked as if he might be Jim Jon's brother. Pit and David warmed immediately to one another, and as a sign of his affection, Pit jerked David, by the collar of his jacket, back across the bar, and all three of them went to work on him, David being, by any definition, a moveable feast.

When David got loose, Tom and Jim Jon, half stripped, went at it on a couple barstools, with Pit and David working up their tools and looking for openings. Pit stuck it into Jim Jon's ass, and David

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rammed his bruiser into Tom, while Tom and Jim Jon were at point 69. Then Carl, the manager of the bar, and a real husky type, arrived to join the action, while Jim Jon and Tom were respectively sucking off David and Pit, David wanting very much to get a piece of Pit — but that would have to wait for another day.

Tom later told him, "Pit's unattached, and I think he took a real liking to you. But he likes to be whipped — and I mean hard enough to leave welts. You go for it that way, and I think you could have a slave for life. I don't mean you'd have to really beat him every time you had sex. Most of the time just a little threatening and roughhouse would keep him fairly well satisfied, but at least once a month or something like that, you'd have to flay the hell out of him."

Sadly, David said, "I intend to get him alone some night soon, but as for THAT, even if I could go through it, moderately, once, I absolutely could never land a real blow on him a later time."

"Well, try him. He'll be a lot of fun for one night, and maybe even for two or three if you can raise some welts on his back the first time. And like I said, he's interested in you. And you don't need to be afraid of him. He only takes punishment. He doesn't give it."

David went off into the back room again with Jim Jon, and now that he was taking a more relaxed





attitude to the whole proceedings, he found the youth's strange deliberate rituals moving and exciting, David standing on a curiously heavy wooden platform while Jim Jon avidly sucked him, back and front, then Jim Jon standing above him for another round. Then he chained the youth to the beams, an arrangement somewhat like the "stocks" the old Puritans used, and gave him a rough browning.

Then they climbed onto the seat of a cycle in the backroom, David sucking Tom and Jim Jon browning David.

But David, having learned about slave revolts, reversed the game, seizing Tom roughly, and with Jim Jon's help, strapped him over the back of the cycle. David held Tom down while Jim Jon went down on his lover's suddenly expanded meat.

The cycle served for a seemingly unending game of musical chairs. Jim Jon was next strapped down on the seat, still sucking Tom while David went down on Jim Jon, then he was rolled over and Tom almost buried his head between the cheeks of Jim Jon's ass.

It all was very different from the sex David had been used to — different and yet similar. David had always been a sensualist and a ritualist. The secret was in letting the props have their full effect on your imagination, and on responding fully to the touch of the leather, metal and wood that all became part

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of the total sexual, sensual, imaginative experience.

They talked for quite awhile afterward, and David admitted that he liked it, though perhaps not so much as they did. His own imagination had a stronger need for "story line." Where they moved impulsively from position to position, changing the relations and the symbols almost without pattern — as was the style with many recent hip-oriented films and stage productions — for David this reduced the dramatic impact.

He suggested that next time he came over, they

set up a definite situation, like a capture and punishment, or a slave revolt, and carry it all the way through, keeping in character all the way. Tom readily agreed, but Jim Jon said that was too square:

"You gotta hang loose man, keep things shifting like a kaleidoscope, that keeps your cum always on the edge, rather than building up to one big climax."

"Maybe you could kidnap him for a few weeks and keep him locked in your shower," Tom suggested. "He'd like that, and it might give me a rest. Little bastard wears me out — but I love it."











**SALE TO
MINORS
FORBIDDEN**

LEATHER

LEATHER is a pictorial sex oriented magazine, published for the consenting adult, who is interested in today's changing sex mores.

LEATHER is a fictional magazine, but is based on actual interviews of a group of men known as "Leathermen".

All photos are posed by professional models, and any text accompanying the photos is not intended to portray the actual names or conduct of the models.

Warning:

Anyone who is offended by frank discussions of contemporary offbeat sex activities or anyone seeking to fulfill prurient interests should not purchase this magazine.